

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

**COMIC**

**FREE**

**YOUR NO.1**

**NORMAN WISDOM**

*The little man with the big laughs!*



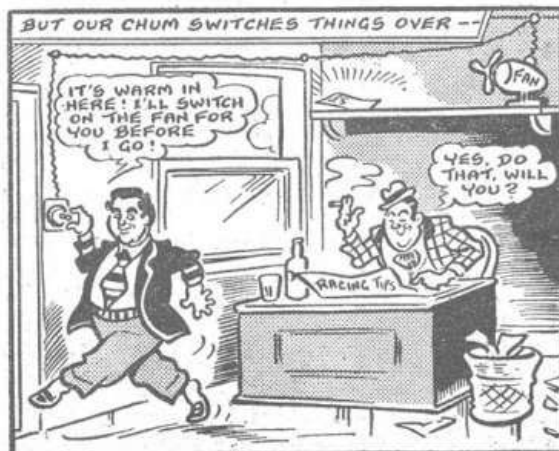
"Have you any driving experience?" asked a man, when I applied for a job. "Oh yes," I replied. "I crashed head on into one car and then managed to knock another sideways!" "When was this?" he gasped. "Last Bank-Holiday!" I grinned. "On the DODGEMS!"

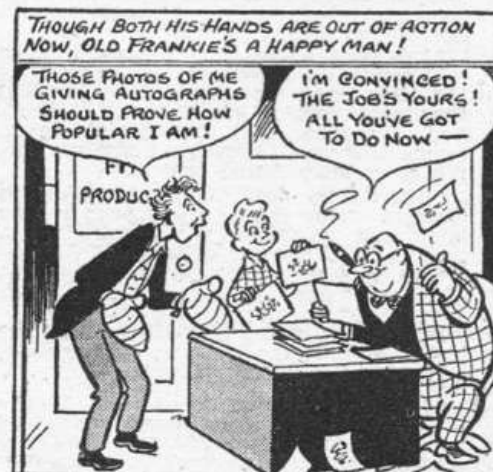
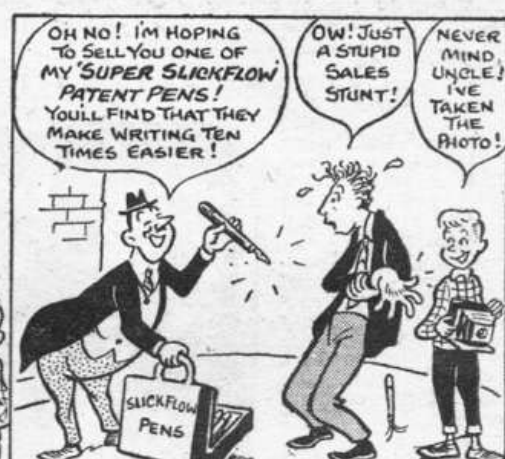
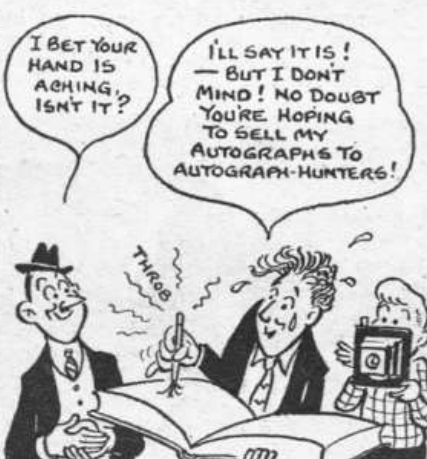






# TONY HANCOCK











# MAID TO MEASURE

HONESTLY GUNTHER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE DRIVERS.

YEAH, THE TROUBLE WITH THEM IS THAT THEY DON'T OPEN THEIR EYES.



OOH, OOH, THAT METER MAID IS CALLING US OVER.

SHE WANTS OUR HELP. THEY'RE DOING A TERRIFIC JOB, GUNTHER.



WOULD YOU PLEASE HOLD THE END OF THIS TAPE MEASURE, OFFICER.

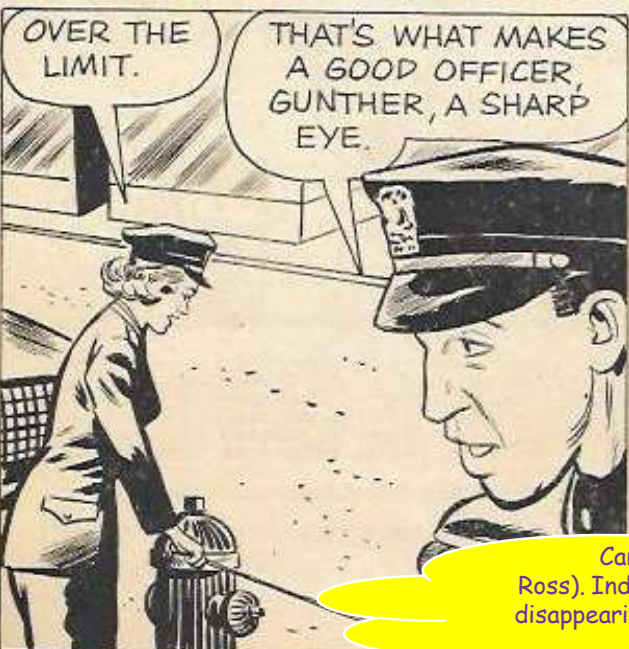
WITH PLEASURE.

YEAH, THESE GIRLS ARE JUST LIKE US. THEY DON'T MISS A THING.



OVER THE LIMIT.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES A GOOD OFFICER, GUNTHER, A SHARP EYE.



I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THIS TO YOU PERSONALLY. IT'S YOUR CAR, ISN'T IT?



I LIKE THIS ONE



Car 54 Where are You (1962-1963 Dell) comics (Ross). Indian Givers, art by Tony Tallarico; a cracked wall and disappearing cigars create problems galore for officers Today and Muldoon. Based on the classic ...



# BRER RABBIT AND THE STRAWBERRIES



1. Brer Rabbit was walking along the road one fine morning, when he met Missus Dormouse. Being mighty perlitte, Brer Rabbit takes off his hat, he does, and he sez, sez he: "I hopes I see you well, Missus Dormouse." And Missus Dormouse sez she is pretty middling. Brer Rabbit passes on his way.



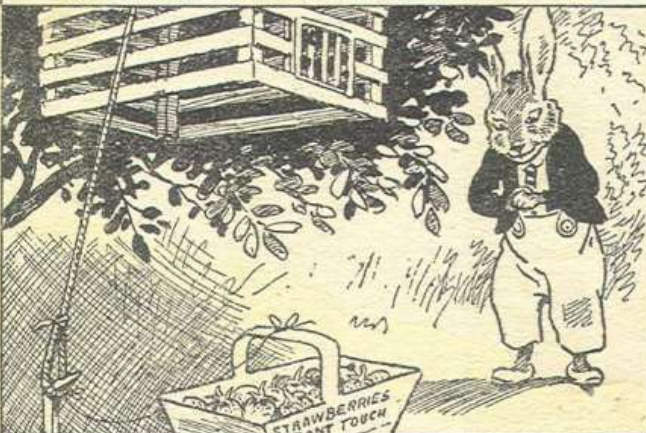
2. And there was Brer Fox grinning at him. "This road is mighty crowded this morning," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he. Brer Rabbit was on his way to Mister Man's strawberry garden, so he didn't want a crowd watching him. But he greeted Brer Fox like he was a long-lost brother and glad to see him.



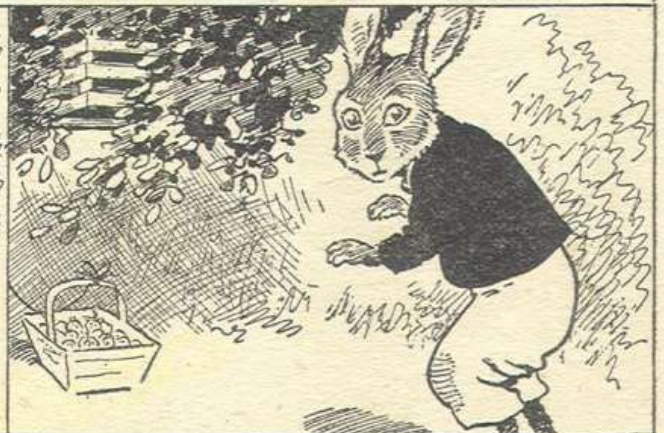
3. "For goodness' sake, Brer Fox," he sez, sez he. "You've got your best clothes on. Mebbe you're gwine to a wedding," he sez. Brer Fox he grinned, he did, and sez: "Mebbe I is, Brer Rabbit, and mebbe I isn't." And Brer Rabbit sez, sez he: "Folks only has buttonholes at a wedding, Brer Fox," he sez.



4. "I wears this flower 'cause it smells good," sez Brer Fox, sez he. "You smell it, Brer Rabbit." So Brer Rabbit steps up and takes a sniff. Then Brer Fox presses a rubber bulb what he has in his side pocket, and a spurt of water shoots out of that flower right into his face. Brer Fox laffed himself sick.



5. But poor old Brer Rabbit, he goes off feeling mighty sore, and mighty damp, too. But he soon forgets 'bout all that, 'cause he comes to Mister Man's strawberry garden. And if there's one thing Brer Rabbit jest loves, it's strawberries. And what does he see but a basket full o' strawberries.



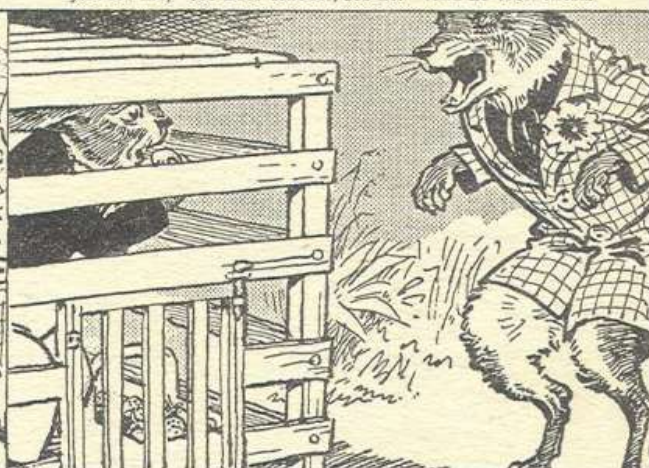
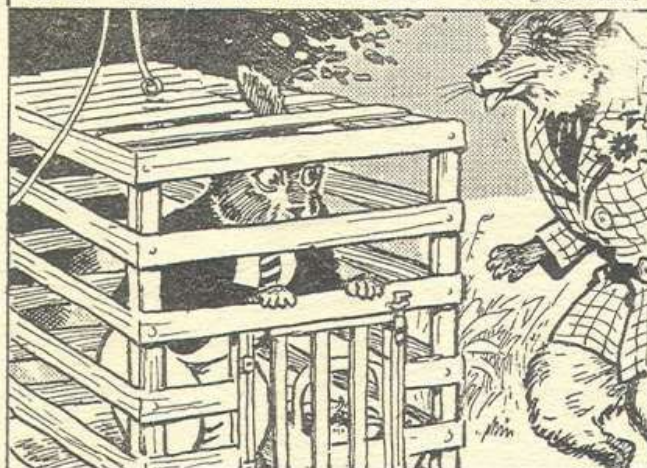
6. There it was, on the ground under a tree with nobody to look after it at all. So Brer Rabbit he looks this way: then he looks that way. And there's nobody around as far as he could see. And the strawberries jest lay there in the basket, and Brer Rabbit allowed they'd go bad left there on the ground.





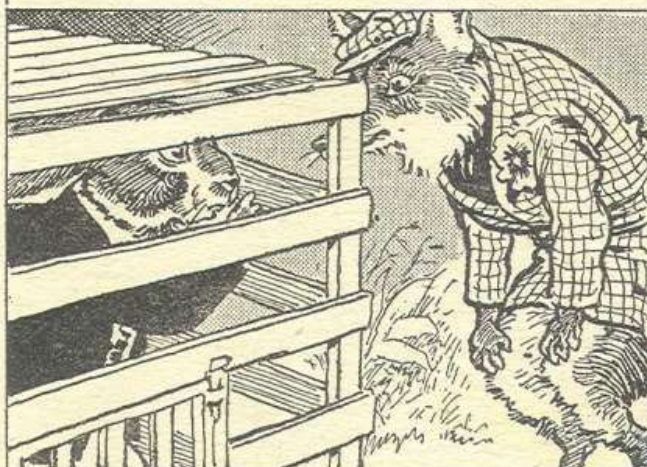
7. So he looks that way, he does; and he looks this way. And there's nobody anywhere near. He couldn't see Mister Man and he couldn't scent him. And the strawberries were jest too inviting, they were. "If I has one or two," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he, "Mister Man won't even miss them." So he goes nearer.

8. And the nearer he got to those strawberries the better he liked 'em. It seemed a shame to take only one or two. There was Missus Rabbit at home, and all the children. They liked strawberries, too. "Mebbe Mister Man left them strawberries there jest for me," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he. And he took them.



9. But he didn't get far with them. As he picked up that basket off the ground, a wooden crate came down plonk out of the tree. And before Brer Rabbit knew what was happening, there he was —cotched. "Ooh, dear," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he. "Now what'll I do? Mister Man will beat me when he finds me!"

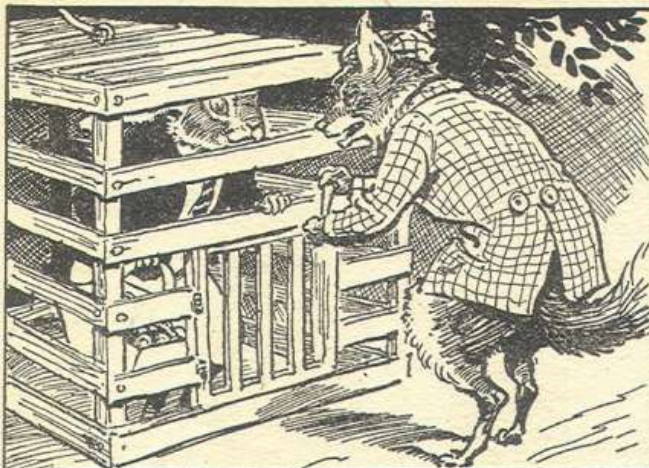
10. And then Brer Fox comes along. He took a look at Brer Rabbit in the trap and laffed, and laffed, and laffed. "Oh, my goody!" he laffed, holding his sides. "The clever Brer Rabbit is nicely cotched," he sez, sez he. "Won't Mister Man larrup your hide when he comes!" And he goes on laffing.



11. Then Brer Rabbit he did some thinking, he did. And he ups and sez, sez he: "You've got it wrong, Brer Fox. I isn't cotched. I's working for Mister Man." Mister Fox stops laffing then. "Is that so, Brer Rabbit," he sez, sez he. "And how might you be working for Mister Man in that there crate?"

12. "Come nearer, Brer Fox," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he. "And I'll tell you. I'm hiding" he sez, "and watching." "What for?" Brer Fox axes him. "I'm watching for the thief who steals the strawberries," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he. "And this basket o' strawberries is my wages. But I'm tired of the job."

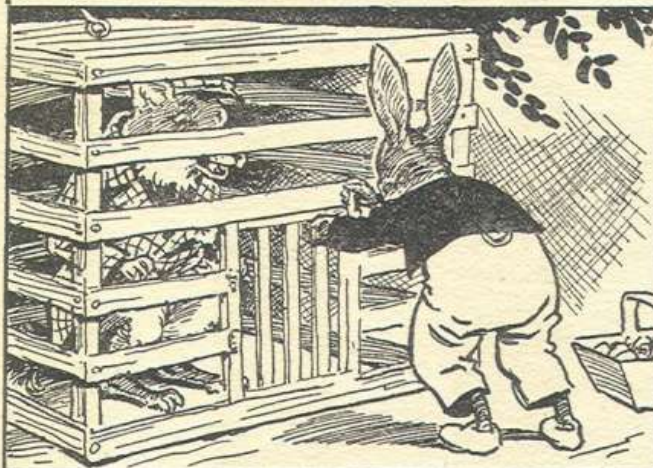




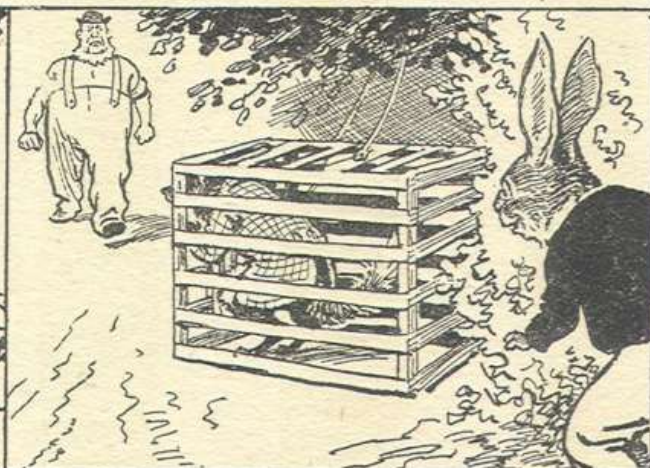
13. "That's mighty good wages," sez Brer Fox, sez he, licking his lips. "That it is," sez Brer Rabbit, sez he. "But Missus Rabbit is poorly to-day and I want to go home and scrub the floor for her. If you'll help me out and git in here, Brer Fox, Mister Man will give you a basket o' strawberries, too!"



14. Well, that sounds mighty good to Brer Fox, it does. "I don't mind if I do, Brer Rabbit," he sez, sez he. So he opens the door of the trap and Brer Rabbit hops out mighty quick, he does with the basket of strawberries. "Now you git in, Brer Fox," he sez, sez he, "and I'll shut the door for you."



15. So Brer Fox, he hops into the crate. "I hopes I don't have to wait long for the strawberries, Brer Rabbit," he sez, sez he. Brer Rabbit shuts the door, he does, and locks it. "You won't have to wait long, Brer Fox," he sez, sez he. "Cause Mister Man is coming this way right now."



16. Then Brer Rabbit laffs way down inside himself, and hops behind a bush. Sure 'nough, here comes Mister Man walking up the garden, and he don't look too happy, either. Brer Fox he pokes his nose through the bars of the crate and hollers: "Here I is, Mister Man. Where's them strawberries?"



17. When Mister Man sees Brer Fox in the crate he hollers and he shouts like somebody has kicked him. "You wicked varmint!" he sez, sez he. "So you've been stealing my strawberries, and you've eaten basket and all, you have!" sez he. Then Brer Fox, he knows that Brer Rabbit has fooled him.



18. "No, I ain't, Mister Man!" he squeals. He tried to explain, but Mister Man he ain't listening at all. He opens the crate and drags Brer Fox out. And he larrups him good and hearty, he does. Brer Fox hollers for mercy, but Brer Rabbit just laffs and toddles home with his strawberries.

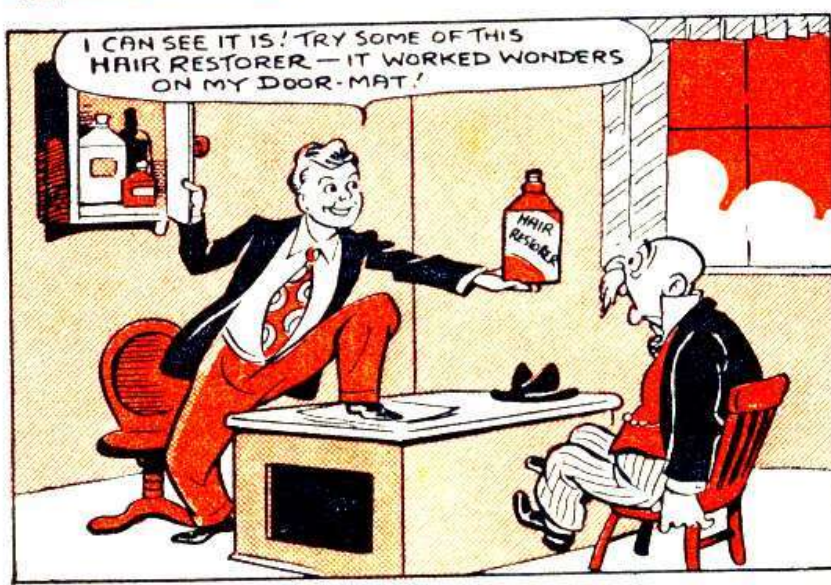
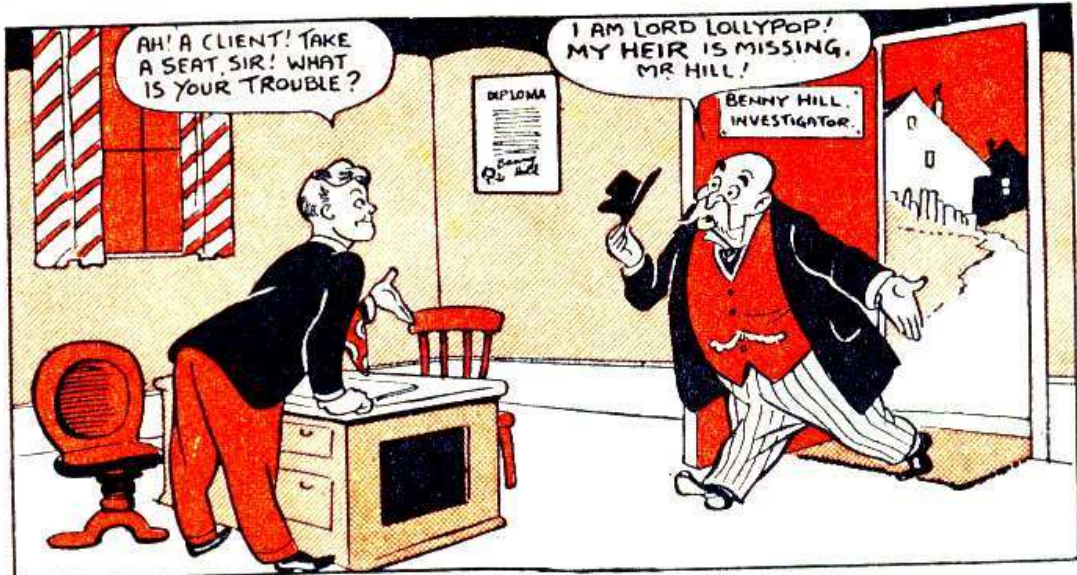


Benny's comic strip lasted from 1955 to Radio Fun's demise in 1961. He proved so popular with readers that "Britain's Best Boy" featured on two of the Radio Fun annuals for 1958 and 1960.

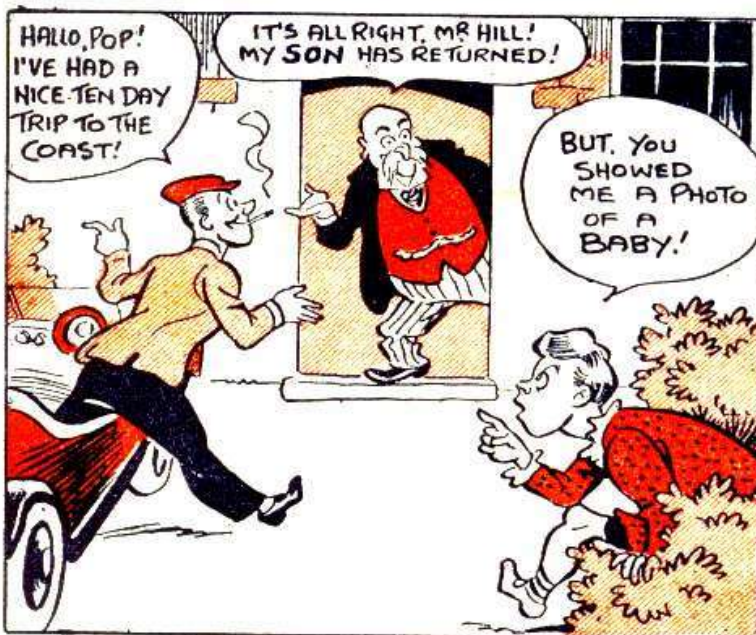
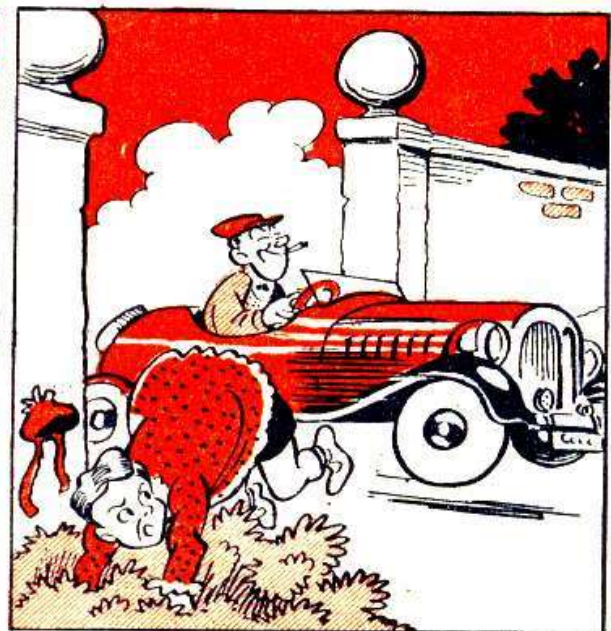
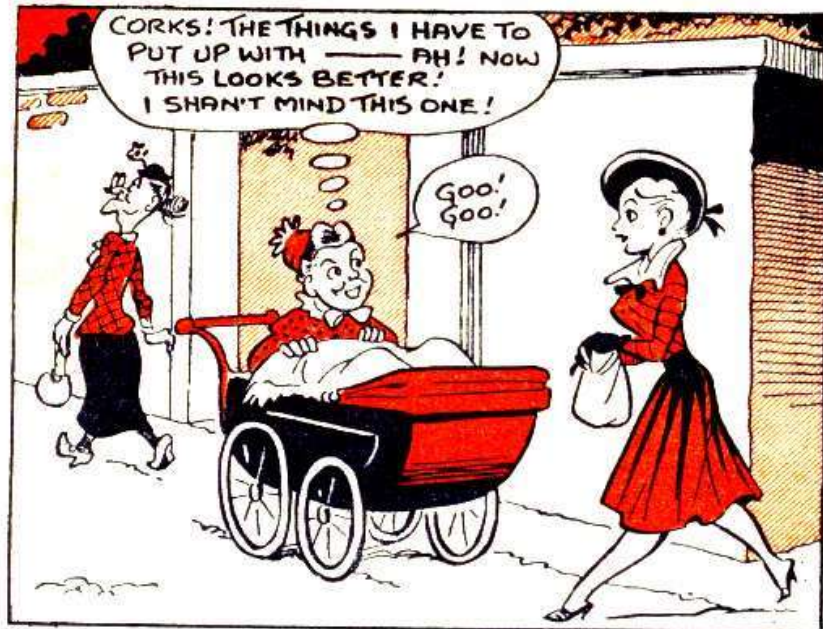


I heard a lad say to his chum: "Is your baby brother very strong?" "Well, he raises the roof at 2 every morning," was the reply.

**BENNY HILL** *Britain's Brightest Boy!*

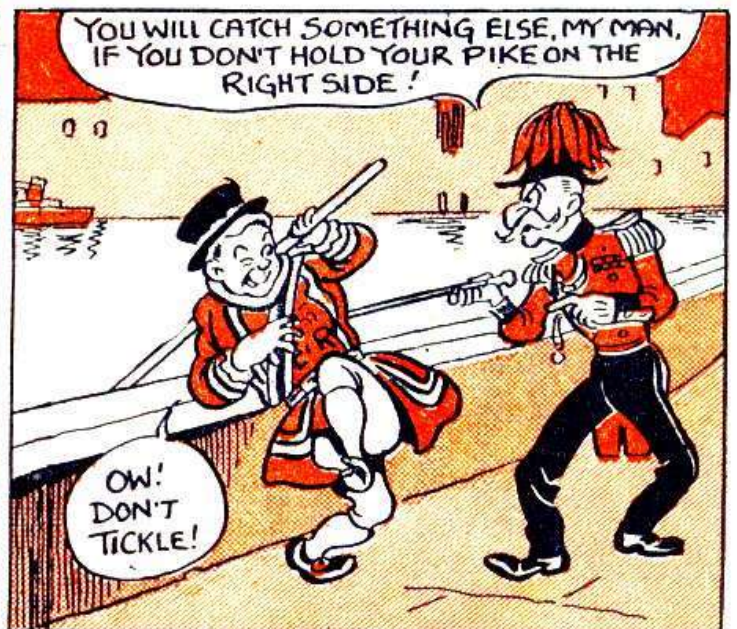
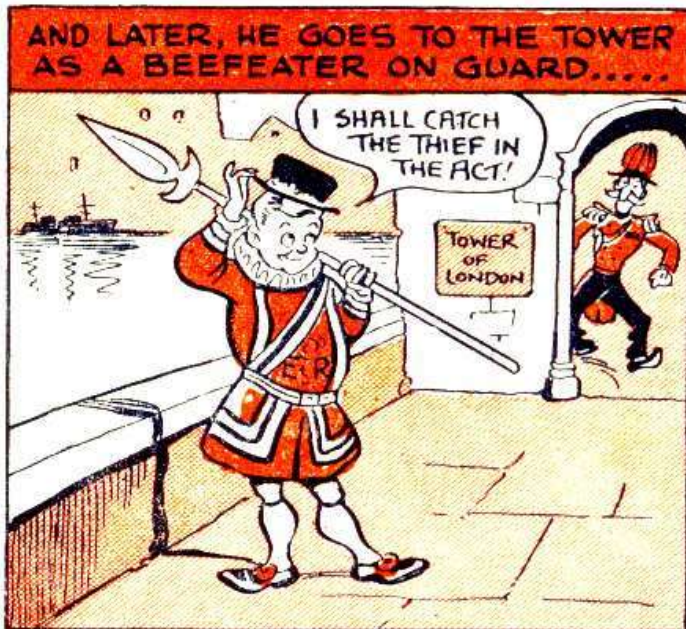




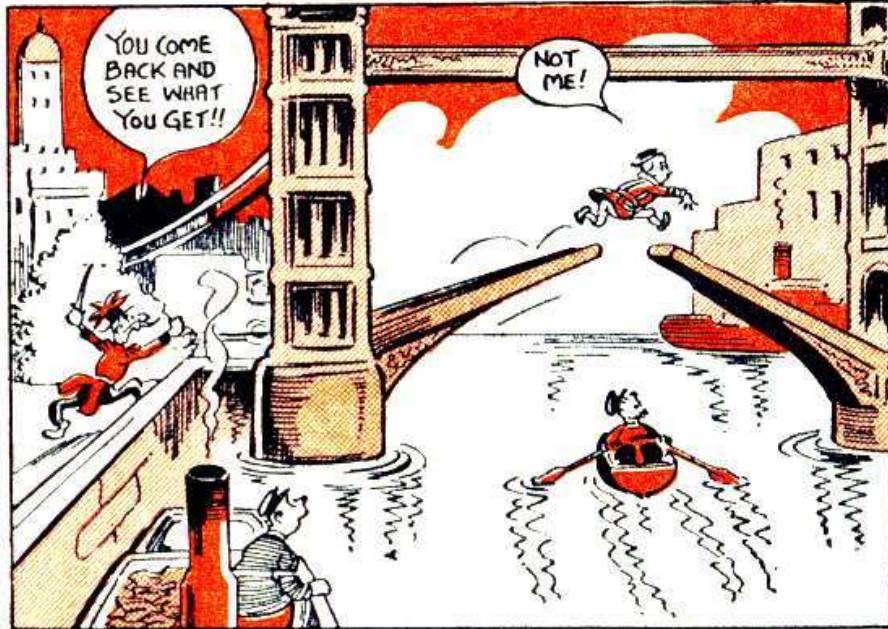




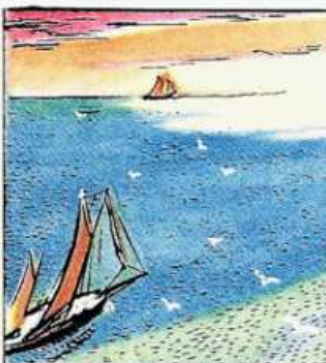
TAKING  
OFF  
HIS  
BABY  
FROCK,  
BENNY  
BUNKS...  
THEN  
GETS  
A  
SHOCK..











STARLING AND THE CHERUB, WITH THEIR COUSIN HUMP AND THE NEGRO HELMSMAN SAM, ARE CRUISING IN THE KESTREL OFF THE CHANNEL ISLES ONE SUMMER EVENING — WHEN SUDDENLY —







AN OLD WRECK!

HARD OVER, SAM, OR WE'LL BE ON THE ROCKS.

HARD OVER IT IS, SKIPPER



DONE IT! MY, THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.



I DO. THAT'S THE TRUE BLAISE LIGHT OVER THERE. THE ONE WE SAW IN THE CLIFF —



— IS WINKING DELIBERATELY TO IMITATE THE REAL BLAISE LIGHT — THEY'RE WRECKERS



THEY DRAW SHIPS ONTO THE ROCKS WITH FALSE LIGHTS AND THEN STEAL THE CARGO.

WHAT'S WRECKERS STAR?

I SAY, STAR —



LET'S GIVE HER A MISS.

— THERE'S THAT BRETON SMACK AHEAD THAT PASSED US IN THE CHANNEL.



MOVE HER INTO THAT PRIVATE STAGING. WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BOY ASHORE. WHY, I DO BELIEVE —



— WE'VE STRUCK LUCKY FIRST TIME.

WE THREE WILL TAKE THE BOY UP WHILE SAM GUARDS THE KESTREL



WONDER WHO'LL OPEN THE DOOR!

CAREFUL, HUMP. GOSH, HE'S HEAVY.



MON DIEU, MY PRECIOUS BOY!

FELIX, MY POOR BROTHER.



TAKEN FROM THE SEA? BUT THIS IS A COMPLETE MYSTERY! WE LEFT HIM IN HIS BED ASLEEP — AND THIS MORNING HE HAD GONE.











# TONY HANCOCK AND SID JAMES in FOOD FOR THOUGHT

WHEN SID JAMES  
CALLED FOR  
TONY AT THE  
STUDIO ONE  
EVENING...

COLOSSAL  
FILM CO.

DID  
THEY GIVE YOU  
A GOOD PART IN  
THE FILM,  
MATE?

YES! I'VE  
BEEN PLAYING  
THE PART OF THE  
MAN WHO BROKE THE  
BANK AT MONTE CARLO  
- A SORT OF MULTI-  
MILLIONAIRE CHAP!  
WAIT A MINUTE  
WHILE I COLLECT  
MY WAGES,  
SID!

WHEN TONY AND SID GOT HOME...

STUDIO  
CASHIER

AFTER DEDUCTING FOR WASTED  
FILM, BREAKAGES, PHONE CALLS  
AND CUPS OF COFFEE ETC - YOU  
ONLY GET ONE AND SIXPENCE,  
MISTER HANCOCK!

STUDIO  
SET.

HUSH  
DURING  
FILMING.

ONLY ONE  
AND SIX! I WAS  
GOING TO HAVE A  
SLAP-UP DINNER ON MY  
WAGES TONIGHT.  
BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T  
GOT ANY FOOD IN  
THE HOUSE!

AND WHERE  
ARE WE GOING  
TO DINE,  
SID?

OH! AN  
EXCLUSIVE LITTLE  
PLACE I KNOW  
OF...

DON'T WORRY MATE!  
I'VE HAD A LUCKY FIND!  
LOOK WHAT I PICKED  
UP TO-DAY! I'LL TREAT  
US TO A REAL  
POSH DINNER!

MARVELLOUS!  
I'LL GO AND GET  
CHANGED!

















SIMON TEMPLAR

# THE SAINT



## BAG OF TRICKS

THE wind came whipping across Singapore Harbour, heavy with the scent of spice and coffee stored in the dockside warehouses. Simon Templar inhaled the strange, intoxicating aroma as he leaned over the balcony of the Royal Court Hotel. He took in the bustling waterfront scene and he was grateful for the sudden call to come to Singapore.

The snag was he did not know who had sent for him—or why!

Only the Saint would treat with such aplomb the fact that an envelope had dropped through the door of his mews home containing

In comics — The character has also been portrayed in motion pictures, radio dramas, comic strips, comic books and three television series. Simon Templar.





nothing but a plane ticket to Singapore and a white, gilt-edged card on which was written in an obviously feminine hand, "Need help. Contact you at Royal Court Hotel, Wednesday."

"Mr Templar, sir?"

A voice at his elbow made him straighten from the balcony. A young Malay, dressed in the uniform of the hotel, was standing close by. In his right hand was a silver platter and on the platter was something covered by an ornate silk handkerchief.

"That's me," nodded the Saint. The page bowed. He brought up

his left hand and slipped it under the handkerchief. When it emerged, there was a gun pointing straight at the Saint's chest.

"I shall complain to the management," quipped Templar with more calmness than he felt.

"I am asked to deliver this message, sir," said the page—and he pulled the trigger.

Plop! From the barrel dropped a flag inscribed, "BANG!"

Simon put out a hand and picked up the boy by the scruff of his jacket. "I'm going to give you a tip, boy," he said. "Never play that trick again!"

A hoot of laughter came from behind. The Saint turned to find a stocky little man with a bent nose and outsize ears watching with great amusement. Then the Saint understood. He dropped the frightened Malay boy who scuttled away. He said, "Well, well. If it isn't Tod Jones—alias the Joker!"

"Ha ha! You should've seen your face when he pulled the trigger. Ho ho!"

He swallowed his laughter as the Saint took a purposeful step in his direction. "Now, easy Mr Templar!" he said, with a nervous step backwards. "Just one of my little jokes to remind you of old times."

The Saint put two fingers on the other's chest and pushed him back into a chair. "How did you know I was in Singapore?"

"I saw you getting off the jet at the airport, Mr Templar."

"You just happened to be there, eh?"

Tod stuttered in his eagerness to convince. "Yes, honest, Mr Templar! I was meeting the plane that brought Simone Legere, a French singer who's appearing in my club."

The Saint registered surprise. "Your club?"

"It's the Bag of Tricks Club. New idea, see. Giggles for the society set!" The little man grabbed a fistful of visiting cards from an inner pocket. "Here's one of my cards. I'm doing great since I had to hop it out of London."

The Saint glanced at the card. "Amazing," he said.

Tod beamed. He grabbed the Saint's hand and shook it. "When I seen you at the airport, I said to

myself, 'There's the Saint, the bloke who bust up our smuggling racket . . . but one of nature's gentlemen! I'm going to show him there's no hard feelings'."

The Saint smiled. "All right, Tod. I'll buy your story—until I can check it out."

Tod said eagerly, "Then you'll come to the club tonight?"

The Saint shrugged. "Why not?"

**S**IMON watched the ex-smuggler strut across the palm-strewn lobby of the hotel. As he reached the revolving glass doors he made an ostentatious bow to a young woman who was coming in. She ignored the little man, walked slowly to the centre of the lobby and looked carefully around. The Saint moved in from the balcony.

The woman came towards him on her way to the cocktail lounge. As she passed him a scrap of paper fluttered from her white-gloved fingers.

The Saint took out his cigarette case. As he took a cigarette, he fumbled and it fell. Bending to retrieve it, he palmed the woman's note. Then he strolled on to the balcony again and read it.

"I'll be in the cocktail bar. Say nothing about my sending you the air ticket. I think there may be a hidden microphone."

He recognised the carefully formed handwriting as that which was on the mysterious gilt-edged card in his pocket.

In the cocktail lounge he found the woman seated on a high stool. Simon chose a stool next to hers. She glanced round at him and the Saint nodded and smiled. She turned haughtily away.

"Quite an actress," thought Templar. He was wondering where she got the idea that the bar might be bugged, when he caught the barman watching him furtively in the mirror.

He turned towards the girl. "Excuse me. Haven't we met in London?"

"Perhaps." She began to melt a bit. "Were you at Mervyn's party last July?"

"That's right. Isn't this a coincidence? Can I buy you a drink?" he said.

She condescended with a nod of



her blonde head. "You can take me to the Lighthouse Club if you like. They serve a really bizarre cocktail there."

They got up from the bar, laughing together, but Templar caught the barman still watching him in the mirror. He took the woman's arm and steered her out of the door.

Out of sight of the bar, he stopped beside one of the potted palms and said quietly, "Wait here."

He sidled back to the door of the cocktail lounge and peered in. The barman had vanished. In half a dozen strides the Saint was across the empty room. He stepped behind the bar. There was a door at the back. As he went towards it he heard a muffled voice. He put his ear to the panel and heard his own name mentioned. "Yes, I'm sure it's the Saint. Yes, they've just left. Don't worry, they won't get far!"

There was a tinkle as a telephone receiver was replaced. He stepped aside and let the barman emerge from the door.

The shock of seeing the Saint behind his bar had the Malay fumbling in his belt for a knife, but the Saint grabbed the other's arm and twisted it behind his back. The man groaned with pain. "Now," said Templar calmly, "let's go!"

**P**ROPELLING the man before him, the Saint went into the lobby. His mystery woman stared with fear in her eyes, but she stepped to his side at his signal. The three of them walked out into the sunshine. "My car," said the woman pointing.

It was a sleek white sports model which reminded him of his own white Volvo. As they went towards it, the barman began to struggle. "No, I—I can't leave the hotel! I don't want to go in the car."

The Saint applied more pressure as the woman opened the car door. "In!" he snapped.

The barman lurched forward into the car. The woman got behind the wheel and the Saint got in beside his prisoner. But as the engine purred into life, the barman's nerve broke. "Stop! You must not drive... there is a bomb!"

The Saint stepped out of the car

and dragged the barman after him. "Take the bomb out—carefully!" he ordered.

Shaking with fear, the barman approached the back of the car and lifted the lid of the boot. Templar took the arm of the mystery woman, and drew her away. "Just in case he bungles the job!" he murmured in her ear.

They watched the barman fumble with wires and lift out of the boot a black metal box. Holding it gingerly, he began to back away from the car. At the same moment the Saint's sharp eyes caught the glint of a rifle barrel thrust through one of the upper windows of the hotel.

"Quick!" he rapped, dragging her to the car. "Get in—and drive like thunder!" The woman obeyed. The sports car rocketed away from the hotel—and the hot blast of an explosion followed them.

The Saint was looking back. "Someone decided that our friend had bungled his job and shot him... and when he fell—boom!" he said. She shuddered.

The Saint sensed she was close to hysteria and decided to hold his questions. It was not until they had reached the Lighthouse Club and were sipping drinks on a deserted balcony that he began quietly, "Feel fit enough to explain yet?"

She looked up at him with a

grateful smile. "You're a very patient man, Mr Templar. I'm Miriam Legrand. I came to Singapore two months ago with my husband, Jacques. He was an electronics expert working on a secret defence project with the British naval authorities here."

"He was?" said Templar, picking up the past tense.

Her lip trembled. "He was killed a week ago. Somehow he had become involved in a struggle between agents of rival powers to get the plans of the secret project."

The Saint leaned forward in his chair. "When you say he was killed?" he began.

"The coroner's verdict was suicide, so the police and the authorities will do nothing. But I know he was murdered for the plans," she said.

Miriam Legrand spoke without emotion. "I am equally sure they did not get the plans," she went on. "They believe I've got them. Three times in the past week they've tried to kidnap me, and twice I've caught intruders ransacking my apartment."

Templar pondered. "Why send for me? Couldn't you go to the British naval authorities here and put your facts before them?"

Miriam frowned. "I've tried. They insist that they hold the only copy of the plans."





"Then why not leave Singapore?" he asked.

Her eyes flashed. "Because I want to find the men who murdered my husband. Will you help me?"

He sighed. "I never could say no to a beautiful woman," he said. "I'll do what I can, Mrs Legrand."

She touched his arm lightly and smiled her thanks. "Please call me Miriam," she said.

MIRIAM'S apartment was modern and tastefully decorated. The Saint began to go through it with professional skill. Miriam sat watching. Suddenly she saw him stiffen as he came near a Paul Klee print on the wall. Motioning her to be silent, he peeped behind the frame.

The sight of a microphone made him move quickly to the door of the apartment. In the corridor he sprinted to the adjoining apartment. He was only seconds too late. A table near the wall held an amplifier and a tape-recorder was still turning—picking up every sound made in Miriam's apartment. Otherwise the room was empty.

He ran to the wide open windows.

A figure was vanishing down the fire escape below.

Having disconnected the bugging equipment, he went back to tell Miriam. He finished his search of the apartment and admitted he could find nothing remotely resembling electronic drawings.

"Let's go to a club tonight," he said. "There's a friend of mine who might have an idea who is so keen to get the plans."

The Bag of Tricks Club was in the fashionable quarter of downtown Singapore.

"Good evening, sir," greeted the doorman, and when he raised his top hat a flower sprang up from his balding head.

Inside the foyer they found themselves trying to climb steps which flattened under their feet. And when the cloakroom girl handed them their stubs, they were covered by a cloud of confetti.

"Ha ha!" chuckled a voice over a loudspeaker. "Step inside! We've got lots more giggles for you."

Miriam brushed confetti from her evening dress and exclaimed, "Your friend has a strange sense of humour!"

The Saint smiled. "You're so

right," he agreed. "Watch when you sit down! Tod used to love the musical-cushion joke."

He proved right. The cushions on the chairs gave out an anguished squeal when sat on.

Almost immediately, the lights dimmed and the French singer, Simone Legere, appeared.

At the end of the act, Miriam dipped into her evening bag. She took out a slip of paper. "Read it," she invited the Saint. "It is supposed to be the suicide note left by Jacques."

He read the phrases in French: "*pressure of work . . . cannot go on any longer . . . have decided to end it all . . . hope you forgive me . . .*"

It was all so obviously a "plant", thought Templar. The note ended, "*je t'adore*".

"You don't believe he wrote this?" he queried.

She frowned. "I could swear it was his writing—except for one small detail . . . Jacques never dotted his i's or his j's. Yet in this note he *has* dotted them."

As he slipped the paper into his pocket, Templar saw the stocky figure of the club owner bustling towards him.

The Saint stood up. "I'd like you to meet Mrs Miriam Legrand, a friend of mine," he said.

Tod bowed to her. "Delighted," he said. "Perhaps you'd drink a glass of champagne on the house while I take Mr Templar to meet a friend of mine."

As he ushered the Saint across the dance floor, Tod whispered, "I couldn't tell her I wanted you to meet Simone Legere, eh? Women get a bit jealous, y'know. Ha ha!"

Templar slowed. "Wait a minute, Tod. What makes you think I want to meet her?"

The other man tugged at his sleeve. "Oh, you've got it all wrong, Mr Templar. *She's* asked to meet *you*!"

The Saint allowed himself to be led backstage. The vivacious singer was relaxing in an antique chair. She rose to meet him with a dazzling smile. "Mr Templar. I have heard so much about you."

He bowed over the slim white hand which she extended. Tod was hovering about like a mother hen. Simone dismissed him with a nod.







WHEN they were alone, a surprising change came over the singer. Her eyes held the Saint in a level gaze and she spoke crisply in a low voice. "There is no time to waste, Templar. I am an agent of the Special Security of the French Armed Forces. Jacques Legrand was working on a project for us, though his wife does not know. She has brought you from London to find the agents who murdered her husband. We would also like to find those men—and the microfilm on which Legrand secreted the plans for the project."

The Saint started as if stung. "A microfilm! You're sure it was microfilm?"

Simone nodded. "The last message he got through to us in Paris said..."

She stopped speaking. The music in the club had broken off and there was a sudden uproar. Women shrieked, men shouted and there was the crash of splintering chairs.

Templar turned and ran. He found his way blocked by people stampeding for the exits. Some sort of free-for-all seemed to be in pro-

gress near the table at which he had left Miriam.

As he fought his way through the crowd, he caught a glimpse of Miriam struggling in the grip of two men. Even as he watched, they forced her up the steps and out of the door. Then the Saint saw that Tod Jones was in the middle of the fracas near his table. The stocky little man was using all the London gangland tricks to fight off three determined Malayan thugs.

The Saint sailed into the nearest thug. With the flat of his hand, he caught the man on the bridge of the nose and the man sank to his knees and covered his face.

The second thug smashed at the Saint with a massive fist. Templar took the blow on his arm and the next moment the thug was sailing over the Saint's head. He turned to find Tod disposing of the remaining assailant with a well-aimed kick.

"Thanks, Mr. Templar," gasped Tod. "The blighters grabbed your friend. I tried to stop them..."

"Maybe we can catch them," snapped the Saint.

He raced out of the Bag of Tricks with Tod at his heels. "Into my

car!" yelled the club owner. It was a maroon and grey Alfa Romeo and it sprang from the forecourt like a rocket.

Ahead of them, a big saloon car slewed on to the boulevard with screaming tyres. "There they go!" rasped Tod.

In the pother of native traffic that choked the streets of the old city, they soon lost sight of the getaway car. But Tod kept on grimly, nosing the Alfa Romeo deeper into the pitch-black streets that ran between silent warehouses. Suddenly the Saint grabbed the driver's arm. "Hold it, Tod!"

The car jerked to a halt. Templar jumped out and ran, followed by Tod. Behind a jumble of sagging timbers they saw the car they had been chasing. A glimmer of light in the window of a nearby warehouse caught the Saint's eye. He pointed.

The stocky man grinned, stopped his companion and began to fix into his buttonhole a white plastic flower. From the back of it he ran a tube which ended in a rubber bulb. "This is no time for your jokes, Tod," began the Saint.

"It ain't such a joke as it looks," confided Tod, fixing a similar device into his own buttonhole. "Run the tube inside your jacket and put the bulb in your inside pocket—but carefully!"

They moved towards a side of the warehouse facing away from the road. The Saint spotted a fire escape above his head. He reached it with a bound, then hauled Tod after him.

Half-way up they found an open window. The Saint went in first. From an inside pocket he took a pen torch and shone it around at piled-up crates. A dark patch in the distance suggested a doorway.

As he eased through the door and came into a passage, he saw that they were close to their quarry. For at the far end of the passage a single naked bulb glowed feebly.

Suddenly the Saint held up a warning hand. They had reached a glass-panelled office door and through it they saw Miriam Legrand sitting in a chair, bound and gagged. Bending over her was a man with a knife.

The Saint went in with a bound,



took the man by the shoulder, spun him round and felled him with a right cross. At the same moment every light in the office snapped on and a suave voice behind them said, "Bravo, Saint; you live up to your reputation."

TEMPLAR turned to see that he and Tod had walked into a trap. Behind the door were the two beefy thugs who had hustled Miriam out of the club. With them was a sleek, well-dressed European with oily black hair. All three held guns.

"I'm rather glad you managed to follow us," remarked Oily Hair. "Since you have been helping Mrs Legrand to look for the plans, perhaps you can help us. We will try a little beauty treatment on the lady!"

From his pocket he took a flick-knife. The glittering blade sprang into view. Miriam shrank away. Tod and Templar took a step forward, "You dirty hound!" rasped Tod.

"Tie them up," snarled Oily Hair.

The two thugs picked up lengths of rope. But as they approached, Tod said disgustedly: "Talk about a couple of flower people!"

The Saint got the message. As the thug leaned near to tie him up,

he pressed the bulb in his pocket. . . . *Phsst!* From the centre of the plastic flower shot a spray which hit the gunman in the face. He dropped his weapon and staggered back, clawing at his face.

Tod achieved a similar result with his buttonhole.

*Blam!* Oily Hair stepped backwards, his gun blazing. But the Saint and Tod ducked behind the bodies of his henchmen.

The firing ceased and there was a clatter of feet in the passage. The Saint dived for one of the guns and stepped into the passage. Oily Hair had reached the door into the store-room when Templar fired.

*Blam!* The runaway flipped round, his gun roaring defiance. But the finger that pulled the trigger was that of a dead man and the shot went wild. Oily Hair hit the wall and slid to the floor.

Tod was already loosening the ropes around Miriam Legrand when the Saint got back into the office. "Thank God you found me in time!" she sobbed. "They were the men who killed my husband; I

heard them talking about it . . . and they were going to torture me for the plans."

The Saint smoothed his ruffled hair and allowed himself a faint smile. "Ah yes, the plans," he said.

From his pocket he took the slip of paper that she had given him in the Bag of Tricks Club. "I think the answer to the mystery is right here, Miriam," he said. "You were puzzled about this note. What made you wonder was the fact that he dotted his i's and the j. He did that for a very good reason. He knew he could not escape—and he had the plans on a microfilm the size of a full-stop. Look here!"

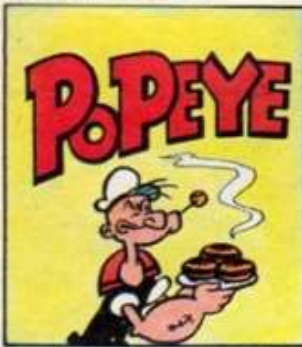
As the other two looked over his shoulder, the Saint bent under one of the office lights. He held a powerful pocket-magnifying glass over the j in "*je t'adore*".

Tod Jones gasped. "That there dot over the j . . . it ain't a dot at all; it's the microfilm!"

Templar straightened up. "That's right," he said, "a microfilm the size of a dot!"







Popeye first appeared on TV Comic in issue 449 (1960), originally drawn by Chick Henderson. He first graced the cover later the same year, and remained as a feature until the comic ceased publication in 1984.



# FUN PAGE

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

### PEANUTS



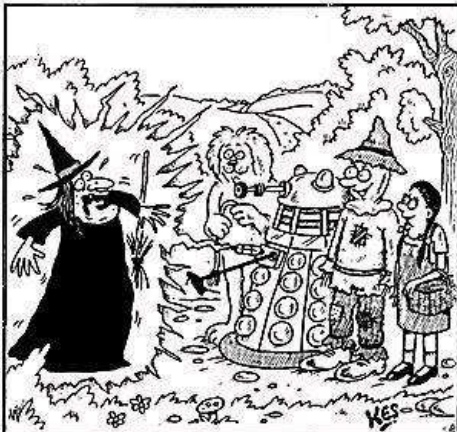
SCHULZ



**CHARLIE BROWN FACT**



Charlie Brown is the principal character of the comic strip *Peanuts*, syndicated in daily and Sunday newspapers in numerous countries all over the world. Depicted as a "lovable loser," Charlie Brown is one of the great American archetypes and a popular and widely recognized cartoon character. Creator: Charles M. Schulz  
First appearance: May 30, 1948 (first mention); October 2, 1950 (official debut)  
Last appearance: February 13, 2000 (comic strip)



The Tin Man proved to be a great ally in the fight with the Wicked Witch of the West.

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